HUMAN AD

Heliprops

HELIcopter **PRO**fessional **P**ilots **S**afety Program
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Crew Coordination

"I was in law enforcement in a western U.S. State. This was to be a marijuana eradication mission in a Bell UH-1H. I'd been involved with a number of these in the past, so the mission was somewhat routine. The marijuana farmers knew that their plants could be easily spotted from the air so they tried to hide them by planting them under trees and mixed with other plants.

The method for finding and eradicating the marijuana plant was not exotic. We would hover taxi low and slow to brush our rotor wash onto the foliage. When marijuana plants are disturbed by the wind they have a distinctive green color that is easy to spot. Once spotted, we would place or direct ground crews to cut the plants and tie them in bundles. We would sling the bundles out to waiting trucks.

I was then an experienced airplane and helicopter pilot, and still am an active aviator. On this flight however I was to be the primary set of eyes to look for the marijuana. I would be in the cabin, with two other pilots up front. That was the standard crew. We three had done this stuff before, and knew what we were supposed to do and how to do it. We wore our standard flight suits, helmets, gloves, boots, and mission

Handling a sedated animal.

equipment. Before takeoff the cabin doors were slid open. I would be free to move from side to side, but was secured from falling out of the cabin via a body harness and strap that was connected to a hard point ring on the cabin floor. We maintained crew comms via the intercom.

On this flight we were to take another agent who would have no official duty other than riding along and watching us do our job. He was belted into a rag and tube seat and given a headset with which he could listen, but he did not have a transmit switch so he could not talk to us on the intercom.

We had been working up and down a wide valley, at and below the tree tops, approximately 100 feet above the rocky creek bed. I had been moving back and forth from left to right side. On the last move to the left side I wanted to get out onto the skid, so I lengthened the safety strap through the buckle and then tugged on the strap to take up the slack. Our extra non-crewman noticed this, and thought I was trying to unhook the safety strap from the floor ring. Without telling or showing me he disconnected the safety strap from the ring. I was now untethered but did not know it.

I had slid out with my feet on the left skid, my butt on the edge of the floor, and my right hand holding the small cabin door.

Seconds later, as we were moving sideways to the right, up the slope, a wire suddenly came into the pilot's view. It was very close and already under the rotor disk about to strike the pilot's window. He made an understandably rapid and substantial input of left cyclic. The helo rolled severely to the left to avoid hitting the wire. This rough and rapid movement caused my feet to slip off the skids and my butt to slide off the edge of the floor. My butt landed hard on the skid, my ribs below my right arm struck the floor edge, and both of my feet were outboard of the skid. I still had a grip of the door with my right hand. After the helo was back level and under control, and me still sitting on the skid, I noticed my safety strap was also hanging out beneath my feet!

I looked at the non-crewman and could see that he knew what almost happened. His interpretation of my expression was that I was angry with him. He misinterpreted terror for anger.

The pilots up front still did not know what had happened in the cabin. They were still reacting to the near-wire-strike. We later concluded that since we had passed through that location at least twice before, we had probably passed under that wire - twice! How could we have missed it? We climbed up and looked down to where we knew the wire to be, but we still had a hard time seeing it. We had WSPS (Wire Strike Protection System. Editor) but the way we were moving sideways the WSPS would not have been a help.

Later discussion with the non-crewman revealed that he released the safety strap because he thought I wanted more room to maneuver."

Our thanks to this reader who was lucky to remain attached to the UH-1H long enough to be able to tell us of this story where a misunderstanding by someone aboard the helicopter nearly led to disaster.

Safe and efficient aviation operations require the combined efforts of many people. Pilots and mechanics come to mind as the most obvious and important individuals in day-to-day operations. But only a brief thought would come up with many others who are involved in the helicopter world - people who work in and around the helicopter as a normal

and necessary part of the "crew." Some work very closely with the aircraft such as a mechanic who will participate in test flights and ground runs. They open panels, check for leaks and proper system functioning, and operate test equipment while the engines/rotors are turning.

Ramp personnel will guide aircraft to parking, spot aircraft, replenish fuel/fluids, and connect/disconnect auxiliary power units.

The helicopter world has an amazing number of personnel who work in, around, or with helicopters. Flight nurses, photographers, electrical line repairmen, doctors, law enforcement observers, dispatchers, boarding guides, hoist operator, cargo hook/choker loader, fuel/chemical loaders, rescue swimmers, crew chiefs, loadmasters, fire fighters, fish spotters, and some who fly so often as a passenger that they are almost a part of the "crew."

These crewmen are sometimes people who are formally trained and personally known by the pilots. They may hold a certificate that testifies that person to be trained and able to perform certain functions during certain operations in a specific type of aircraft. At other times this "crewman" may be someone the pilot has never seen before, and someone who has never been in the type of aircraft in which you are about to take him flying. You may be in a spot where you are placing your trust in that person to do the right things.

As the story above shows, you the pilot may be in for a big surprise.

These surprises may be avoided if you invest the time necessary for thorough preflight briefings.

A preflight briefing may not contemplate changes that occur during flight. Communicating such changes to all the involved "crew" is essential. To do so may require you to take the time to stop or slow down and explain the situation. Without clear communications small misunderstandings may occur, and as we've seen, small misunderstandings can lead to disastrous results.

Keep in mind however, that you may experience a malfunction or emergency during which you cannot take the time, for there is none available, to stop or slow down and chat it over with your "crew." In those events you are going to have to rely on the formal training these "crew" have received or the preflight briefing you have provided.

There I Was...

Here are some accounts sent to us by readers.

R-22.

"On May 20, 2000 I was assigned to work the spring bear season on the Alaska Peninsula with the Robinson R-22. One morning I received a phone call from the Cold Bay control tower, Cold Bay, Alaska. The contract tower operator told me that Rich, a long time Big Game bear guide was on his way in and requested the Wildlife Trooper meet him ASAP in front of the tower. Alaska Wildlife Troopers maintain a house in Cold Bay for TDY Troopers working the hunting and fishing seasons in Game Management Unit 9.

I drove up to the control tower just as Rich was getting out of his white and red Cub. I could tell by the expression on Rich's face that he had a problem. Rich ran over to the truck, opened the door and jumped in. Rich looked me in the eye with his steely blues and said "Jim, I got a problem."

The brown bear season on the Alaska Peninsula is a highly regulated hunt by both the State of Alaska and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The brown bear season is open only every other year for 20 days in the spring, and a 20-day hunt in the fall. During the open season as many as 300 bears will be taken in each of the two legal hunting seasons. The hunting unit encompasses several thousand square miles of rugged wilderness and thousands of miles of coastline. The unit stretches from Port Alworth to Cold Bay, the gateway to the Aleutian Islands. Many of the Islands and land points show evidence of World War II gun batteries.

The land is teeming with brown bear, moose, caribou and wolf. Most of the rivers offer great fishing for salmon, steelhead, trout, char, and grayling. The area is covered with snow capped mountains and volcanoes, some active.

Rich began to unfold his story of how he became in need of a Wildlife Trooper. Rich told me that his assistant guide Rod and his hunter Buzz had shot and wounded a bear not far from Cold Bay. The problem he had was that he suspected his guide and hunter were no longer on the wounded bear. Apparently after Buzz shot, the bear got into the alders and the assistant and hunter saw a second bear. They were not sure if it was the same bear so they didn't shoot and chose to see if it was the bear they had wounded. Rich thought the wounded bear had given them the slip and had crossed the mountain into a different valley

Rich asked me what I thought? I told him I would be willing to meet him on the beach near where the bear had been wounded. I told him he could get in the R-22 with me and we could go and locate the bear. If the bear was mortally wounded I would destroy the bear. If his hunters could reach the bear and salvage the animal I would let them keep it. If however the bear was only slightly wounded, it would be a free bear or if I had to salvage it with the helicopter it would be salvaged for the State. Rich agreed with me and agreed to meet me at the location where he suspected the bear to be.

We departed Cold Bay together. Rich in his Super Cub and I in the R-22. We flew Northeast until we came to the spot the bear had been shot. The location was four to five miles inland from the coast with steep mountains on both sides of the valley. The valley ended in a box canyon to the west. The mountains went from sea level to 4,000 feet on both sides.

Rich and I located one set of bear tracks on the south side of the mountain that the bear had climbed out of valley and had entered into the valley on the other side of the mountain. It was a very flat-light day and it was impossible to distinguish any color and our depth perception was nil. I continued to follow the bear until I

observed a bear laying concealed in the alders. I flew over the bear heading down the valley into the wind. The bear didn't get up. This made me suspect we were on the right bear. I told Rich I was going to come around and place the skids right over the bear to force him to stand up to evaluate his injuries, if any. I told Rich to keep his eyes peeled looking for blood.

*I turned a high final onto the bear bringing the carb heat on as I brought the power off. It was a great day for carb ice - low thirties; the temp and dew point were standing on top of each other. As we came within 100 feet, the bear began to move his head in our direction. I began to flare right over the bear when I saw the bear try to stand up. Rich exclaimed, "What a *@# bear." At the same time the bear tried to lunge from under the helicopter. We could see the bear was mortally wounded.*

I continued to fly down the valley and swung into a left-bank to land the R-22. As I landed the ship, Rich asked me what I thought. I told him I thought the bear was mortally wounded and I would destroy the animal. Rich agreed with me and asked me what I was going to do. I asked Rich if I could borrow a rifle and a few cartridges.

I then took off flying downwind up the valley the bear was located where I observed him last. I flew low over the bear hoping I could move him into a better location. That didn't work. The bear didn't budge.

I then opted to land within 70 yards of the bear in a confined area where I could observe the bear very close. The bear was having a hard time holding his head up and appeared to be bleeding from the mouth. The bear was at my two-thirty. He was lying on his belly looking straight at me with his head turned sideways so his right eye was almost over his left. The bear was breathing hard and I suspected he was shot through the left lung. I sat there for what seem like a very long time looking at him, trying to read his mind. I could tell he was a very large bear, almost 10-foot nose to tail and well over a thousand pounds. I knew if I committed and shut down he could be on the R-22 and me before I could get a shot off.

I continued to watch, and the bear put his head down on his paws. In the past 16 years with the Department I was required to destroy many bear and knew a wounded bear was nothing to play with. A bear that size could destroy a helicopter in seconds! I convinced myself that the bear was all done and I was just reaching for the transmission switch when I caught a flurry of movement out of the corner of my right eye. I looked up to see a thousand pounds of pure hate steaming at me. I frantically rolled on power with my left hand, the screen filled with brown bear, just bigger than Dallas. To say he was upset is the biggest understatement I will ever make. The distance melted away so rapidly you would not believe it.

As I rolled on full power I jerked on full collective. I remember thinking how am I going to explain this one to the boss, and I could see the headlines "Trooper Helicopter Swatted out of the Sky." As the R-22 rose into the sky the bear was right under my main rotor. In fact, I thought I might get lucky and decapitate the #@%^ bear. Just as I thought I was out of harms way he stood up and attempted to grab my right float. Thank God and Lycoming he missed. The bear stood there, then fell over backward tearing up real estate.

I heard Rich come on the radio from his Cub, "I thought the #@$%% bear had you." I told Rich to stick around and buzz him if I didn't get him on the next try. The next try I landed further away, hopped out and completed the job. The bear did measure almost 10 foot, and after I got the job done I went down to the beach took a couple hours for the adrenaline to burn off and cleaned my flight suit. The lesson learned was, if you are going to be the pilot then be the pilot. Let someone else do the shooting."

YOUR ANSWERS. . . . .

In our last issue we asked you to "Tell us something you did in your helicopter operations that you later considered to be "stupid..." It appears that every helicopter pilot with gray hair or no hair has a story like this to tell; and that many of these occurred during their younger and less experienced days. Here are some of the answers we received. We'll have more of them in the next issue.

Human AD.

Lost over Africa

"Flying mapping survey support missions in an area of West Africa without navigation charts proved to be an eye-opener. The country had been photographed in World War II and the coastline was the only thing depicted on the so-called current WAC chart available at that time. The interior was nothing more than a blank sheet of paper. This Mapping Unit was given the task of mapping the country for the first time and were the first ones in country to start the mapping project. My job was flying support missions for the survey crews in a Hiller OH-23G. The survey teams began their work along the coast of the country and had started working along known roads and landmarks into the interior. The survey crews finally worked deep enough into the interior of the country along the only road leading into the interior to a point that intersected a railroad. This railroad connected the iron ore mines with the terminal docks on the coast. In order to support the crews, our procedure was to fly the road to the intersection and then double back along the railroad to the survey sites. This increased the flight time and I thought, why not just cut across the jungle and save a lot of flight time. The road, railroad, and coastline formed a triangle and I decided there was no way I could get lost. The flight was only going to take an hour or so from base camp to the survey crew which would be no problem with the round trip of two hours, since I had over four hours of fuel on board. No Problem, right? WRONG. This was the era prior to GPS and in an area without any navigation aids. All I had was the old reliable magnetic compass and a clock. Still no problem because all I had to do was fly a compass heading for an hour and I would intersect the railroad, just like we had been taught in flight school. Time and distance, very simple, works every time.

Preparations were made, and the flight began without any problem. The heading was set, the ground speed was established before reaching the heavy jungle area, the time of departure was logged, so away I went. The sky was overcast so there was no reference to direction according to the sun's position. Visibility was several miles with a few tropical thundershowers in the area, nothing to worry about regarding weather. Everything was going as planned. As time started to approach the planned time for destination arrival, no railroad was in sight. One hour went by, two hours went by and still no railroad or recognizable landmark. I was out over the jungles of Africa, no civilization in sight, no radio contact, no place to land, now what? Where was I? Was my mag compass broke? What had gone wrong? As I was about to make the decision to make the infamous 180 degree turn and try to find home base, I came upon a road and a small village with a landing place. I made quick use of the landing area. After reassessing my nervous adventure and talking with the local

people on the ground, I finally determined my location. I had been paralleling the railroad, out of sight of course, for the past hour or so even though the magnetic compass heading had remained the same since departing base camp. I was over 100 miles from my original destination, the survey camp. What had gone wrong?"

Nuts to You

"The original request was for a Huey to help "blow pecans off of the trees." I worked for a Hughes operator.

Having explained the difference (in helicopters) to the gentleman, I was invited to see if we might be able to accomplish his request by innovatively using my smaller aircraft.

The pecan industry in southern Arizona is a very prominent part of the "Christmas Season" pecans in the USA. It is therefore critical for the harvest to be accomplished by certain dates so that the delivery to stores can be in place for the holidays.

An out of the ordinary rainstorm, followed by a cold front prevented the harvesting equipment to move in and amongst the orchard trees. (The equipment is a farm tractor with an attachment that clamped and shook the tree violently to drop the pecans to the ground). The fallen leaves which covered the ground prevented the drying of the ground essential for the tractor work. (Each row of trees is surrounded by a small dike to flood irrigate).

The down wash of a Hughes 300 was definitely NOT enough to shake pecans loose. Soooooooooo... with multiple 10 to 20 foot-long air-cargo tie-down web belts, we tied two pecan trees together. To that belt we tied another web belt which was then attached to a "cargo hook" under the helicopter.

With the Hughes 300 hovering between two pecan trees about 30 feet in the air, all belts now tight, the collective up and down action got the trees to swaying but NOT ONE pecan came off a tree. Had the engine quit, the main rotor blades would have entered the branches of the trees since the space between them was so narrow.

The failure at this attempt did however show us how to meet the needs of the pecan farmers and it led to a contract to "BLOW LEAVES FROM EACH ROW OF THE ORCHARD" to allow the ground to dry sufficiently for the use of the tractors.

The four day contract of slow hovering up and down the "gap" between the trees brought good revenue but also gray hairs as one contemplated what would be left if the engine lost any power and settled into the trees.

Bonus...40 pounds of pecans!"

Barbeque helicopter

"It was in the early 70's. Vietnam was nearly over. Let the type remain unidentified, other than to say it was a large military helicopter from a non-active duty U.S. Military component. The official reason for the training flight was a cross-country with a Saturday RON before returning on Sunday. The unofficial reason for the trip was for an R&R to a beachside destination.

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We had the standard minimum crew of three - pilot, copilot, and crew chief. But because of the unofficial reason for this trip, the total onboard was ten, including the 3 flight crew - six guys and four girls. All were military types and members of my unit.

We launched early Saturday morning and proceeded directly to our destination. Weather and traffic was no problem, and we arrived in less than three hours. Our parking spot was well within sight of the control tower.

On board we had a jeep, a large barbeque grill (made of a 55 gallon steel drum cut in half lengthwise), beach chairs, volleyball net, food, and plenty of cold liquid refreshments. We also had cots and sleeping bags as we planned to sleep in the helicopter.

By the time we had professionally chocked and shutdown the helicopter, the troops had the jeep off the helicopter and on the beach doing wheelies. Psssh, psssh and the first cold liquid refreshment was opened. I had gone up into the control tower to close my flight plan and advise the controller what our plan was for the overnight stay when we both looked down at the helicopter and saw smoke billowing from the cabin through the open doors and hatch. Unknown to me and the flight crew, the "troopers" had lit up the barbeque pit INSIDE the helicopter! I ran back down the control tower stairs to the aircraft to halt the affair, but not in time to keep the tower from dispatching the resident fire truck crew.

Happily the fire and smoke caused no damage or problem. We managed to calm the concerns of the firemen and tower operator by wrestling the barbeque grill out of the helicopter and off a safe distance away.

Ironically, all of this seemed normal when it was happening, having come back from a tour in SE Asia. It was after the fact that I realized how dangerously stupid it really was. But every now and then I still laugh about it"

Fumes

This was back in the '70s. I had about 3,000 hours and was out in the bush working a BLM contract in Alaska. I was supporting a fire fighting operation. Been out there for several weeks. Most of the time I parked my helicopter - a 206B - next to a stream. This was at a time and location where there were few roads to get people and supplies about the country. Aircraft and helicopters moved a lot of stuff.

I was finally released and could go back to Fairbanks. I loaded up my gear and everything I could take back; fueled from the same 55 gallon drums I had been using, and took off for Fairbanks. No passengers. Just me. This was way-pre-GPS. At my location and altitude there were no navaids I could receive. It was dead reckoning - compass and clock. Anybody who has been up there knows map reading and dead reckoning is an art. It's easy to be uncertain of your precise position, and can consequently be tough to figure out a ground speed. I made an estimate, but apparently the headwinds were stronger than I realized. By the time I had a good fix on my location I was in a tight spot. The fuel on

board would be barely enough to get me to my home field in Fairbanks, and I was too far from my departure point to go back for more fuel. As I continued on I was torn between several choices. Set it down now? Continue to see if I could make it? Continue until I am forced into a decision?

I continued. As I approached the city I called up Fairbanks Control. They helped me to get where I wanted to go. It looked like I could just make it. Besides, now I had some open fields and roads to set it down on if I had to. Low fuel light was on and had been for some time. I could see my field and hangar. Cleared to land. As I made a turn the fuel pressure indicator bounced down toward zero. I had a real problem now. I set minimum power and landed in a field about 50 yards from the pad. There was a fence between me and the pad. I was considering hopping over the fence when the engine flamed out.

Obviously I had been strongly influenced by the desire to get home. I refused to recognize that I could not make it. That would be admitting I made a mistake. I didn't want to be embarrassed. I could have landed at many fields just a way back, but I continued to take the risk that didn't need to be taken."

Brotherly Love

"I was in the Army. So was my brother. I had a flight from Anniston, Alabama to Birmingham so I invited him to join me. This was in an H-23.We headed on our way. It was cold outside but the sun was making it comfortable in the cockpit that afternoon. My brother was not a pilot, so I showed him the basics of keeping it straight and level. I let him have the controls. Before I knew it I fell asleep. Of course that was not what I intended to do. Later I learned that I had been asleep for about ten minutes when my brother woke me up asking what to do about the power lines ahead. I grabbed the controls. The only choice I had was to dive down and go under the wires!"

On a Scale From 1 to 10

"This helicopter flight was toward the end of a journey that covered several days. We started in England and went through France then into Germany. We stopped at many places. This was to be one of the longest legs on this entire trip. With the weight of the crew, passengers, and stuff we were carrying we could not carry maximum fuel. Our preflight planning showed that we should have enough. Off we went.

Well before we reached our destination it was apparent that we did not have enough fuel to get there.We scrambled around and managed to divert to a German Military Field.

This is not where we should have been, and it is not the norm for the military to service unexpected civilian aircraft. But they realized that it was a bit of an urgency and that we would not have planned to do this. Amazingly, our treatment was helped by a big coincidence. The very helicopter we were flying was pictured on the cover of a trade magazine that one of the Germans who met us happened to be holding. He noticed that, and we were no longer strangers. They treated us well and provided enough fuel for us to get to the next civilian field.

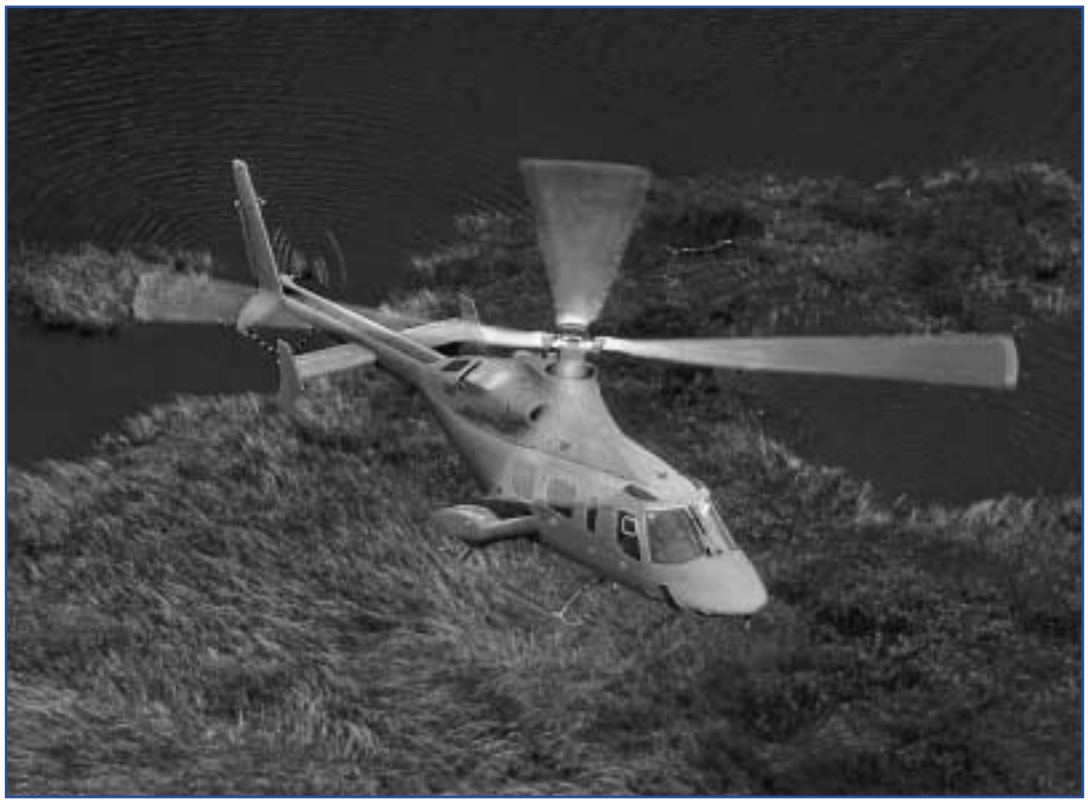
The reason for the poor preflight planning was that I used the wrong scale in measuring the distance on the map."

For every action...

"Ralph and I had ferried a 206B3 over to another airport for servicing. Sam was behind us in another B Model to pick us up and take us back home. Ralph and I were in a frisky mood and for some reason we both got into the cabin and left Sam up front alone. With just a glance at each other we decided to play some pranks on Sam. Little things like stomp on the floor to make noise; beat on the doors with our fists; or pull his headset cord out of the socket, and let him figure out why his comms have failed.

As we approached the ramp we decided that just before landing from a hover we would each open

our doors and jump out of the helicopter. We unbuckled our seat belts, and were holding our door handles, me on the left and Ralph on the right. As Sam came over the landing spot, about to show us the smoothest landing a pilot could make, we opened our doors and got out on the skids. We had agreed to pick the right instant and jump on the count of three. The sudden unexpected noise from the opening of the doors spooked Sam into a bit of a wiggle and a slight increase in skid height. I heard Ralph, "One. Two. Three" And he jumped off the skid. His pushoff caused the helicopter to instantly roll right - a whole lot more than you would ever expect. I was still holding the left door with one hand, and the door frame with the other, but now I was looking up toward the sky. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't jump now. Then Sam's corrective input made the helicopter roll back to the left. I'm now looking down at the ramp. I wanted back in the helicopter, so I pushed back off the skid and fell back onto the cabin floor. Sam immediately got it under control with the help of some substantial swear words and got it on the ground. To this day we are thankful and amazed that the rotor did not strike either Ralph or the ground."



Heavy

"I was a helicopter mechanic when this happen to me. Fly in the mountain in Central Mexico. We land in a open field to leave our passenger to do medical services with a group of ethnic people. So we went to refuel not too far from there. When we return my PIC decide to land in a futball field with loose dust to pick up our passenger. The conditions was sky clear. Temperature 20 degree Celsius. Elevation 7,000 feet.

Our passenger get on the helicopter and the PIC elect to do a vertical takeoff. I am customary to read the torque tach. So I begin to read and when we reach 100% of toque we require a couple of feet more to clear several trees in front of us. So he increase to 104% for 3 seconds enough to clear those trees. When we land I did the weight and balance. We were overweight by 1,000 pounds. I think this was stupid."

Non-towered field.

"I was operating out of a non-towered field. There was a Flight Service Station there. I had been based there for some time and had made lots of flight in and out of this airport, so I was familiar with the runway layout and instrument approaches. On this day the field was IFR. OK visibility, but low ceiling. I cranked up and took off directly perpendicular to the main runway. As soon as I was about to cross the runway I knew I should have made a radio call to broadcast my intention - I knew it was the right thing to do. I was observed by the FSS attendant, and on my return he questioned my actions to the point that he was leaning toward filing a report on me. Luckily I was able to talk him out of it."

Not again

"Flying a 206. Weather is crummy. Filed IFR. Took off to the north. Climbed up into the clouds. At about 3,500 msl (field was at 500 msl) I

began experiencing oscillations in engine rpm. Immediately decided to turn back. ILS approach was to the south. I was positioned to enter a procedure turn. Tower told me to stay with them. On final I got down to Decision Height but could not see the runway. I squeezed it down to 100 feet but still couldn't see anything. Missed Approach. Tower handed me off to Approach Control who vectored me to VFR conditions. That's the last time I'll depart a field that is below approach minimums."

What is long range cruise

"I was flying the backup ship - a 206L. I flew it infrequently. I thought I had put enough fuel on board to get from Ft Worth to Abilene, but apparently had forgotten the rate of fuel burn. I was past Mineral Wells and nearing Abilene when I realized that I would not have enough fuel to go to the hospital and then to the airport for fuel as planned. I would barely have enough fuel to go directly to the airport. It was going to be close. I advised the flight nurse that we had to go to the airport for fuel first, and then on to the hospital. It was before the fuel low light came on that I decided to decrease my airspeed with the intention of getting better range. After the fuel light came on, and we were about ten minutes from the airport I brought the airspeed back some more. We were very, very uncomfortably into flying with the fuel low light illuminated when we landed. What I later learned is that I did the opposite of what I should have done to get maximum range. Had I gone faster rather than slower perhaps I could have landed with five gallons of fuel remaining rather than three!"

It was my day!

I was flying a med flight from Wausau to Madison. Day VFR. Beautiful day for aviating. Just as I was over-flying an airport my transmission chip light illuminated. If you are going to have a problem like this I could hardly have been in a better location.

Helicopter Safety Information

The National Aeronautics and Space Agency (NASA) have a Helicopter-related Website. You can access it via their address:
Safecopter.arc.nasa.gov

WHAT'S YOUR ANSWER ?

QUESTION:

"If you are in a situation where you must get the most distance from the fuel on board, how do you determine your maximum range airspeed."?

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Mail your ANSWERS to:

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